

She firmly denies that persons of different nationalities have differently formed throats. The tools are the same, but they are used differently, she says, according to the needs of the language, and we must learn to listen that we may find out the needs, then we must apply ourselves to the intellectual effort of producing the sound we have heard, and finally we must practise so constantly that we become to the manner born.

BALANCE SHEET, 1912.

Received.			Payments.		
	£	s. d.		£	s. d.
Balance in hand ...	8	4 0	Garden City Press	27	18 5
185 subs. at 3/6 ...	32	7 6	H. of E. Ties ...	2	9 10
Odd amounts ...	0	1 9	H. of E. Badges ...	4	4 0
17 H. of E. Badges			Carriage of Maga-		
at 3/6 ...	2	19 6	zines ...	0	5 11
28 H. of E. Ties at			Stationery ...	0	5 6
2/- ...	2	16 0	Wrappers ...	2	1 0
4 yds. belting at 9d.	0	3 0	Stamps per Subs.	0	6 0
1 Subscription ...	1	0 0	Miss Wix ...	1	0 6
1 Magazine ...	0	0 6	Postage ...	4	5 0
107 P.U.S. Badges					
at 3d. ...	1	6 9		42	16 2
			Balance in hand ...	6	2 10
	£48	19 0		£48	19 0

LILIAN GRAY, *Treasurer.*

BOOKS.

"The Real Siberia," by John Foster Fraser, is now published in a shilling edition. Most interesting. Writer journeys through Siberia on one of the ordinary trains. He

does not find it nearly so bad as it is painted, and predicts a "Canadian" future for Siberia.

"A History of the British Nation," by A. D. Innes (reviewed by P. R.). A ponderous tome of 1,000 pages. Includes history from the very beginning to George V.'s reign. The illustrations are taken from contemporary drawings and paintings. It is published by Jack, London, at 3/6.

LETTERS.

"Scale How."

DEAR EX-STUDENTS,

Before we set out to recount Scale How news for this term, some explanation is necessary—that we stands for five ex-seniors, sixteen seniors, and twenty juniors.

It seemed as though we came back but yesterday until this week, when the announcement was made that half-term is in view. Now all are busy making plans for the eventful day and spend any spare moments gazing at the sky and consulting the weather monitress; to be assured that this week-end we are to be favoured with delightful sunshine. For it would be nice, just for once, to have "half-term" on the first day arranged for it. We have indeed been treated badly by the clerk of the weather this term; for five days it rained steadily, without ceasing, and we began to despair of ever seeing the sun again. Then one morning, when the heavy sky made us anticipate another "no walks" day, we were agreeably surprised. At about ten o'clock the sun crept out and shone straight into the classroom for exactly four minutes. Then, alas! he stole away behind his bank of clouds for three more days. But his appearance, for however short a time, relieved our fears about him.

Naturally such weather has not been encouraging to the would-be hockey player. At the beginning of the term we played one game, then came the rain, and for four weeks we had no more hockey. Last week, however, we began

anew, and have had some very good games. The field is always full, and with such enthusiastic juniors we hope to have many exciting matches.

Scouting, too, has suffered. We have had two outdoor scouting afternoons, and are now waiting for the ground to dry before we have more. Our first afternoon took the form of an "At Home" in the Rydal Caves, where Peewits received and entertained the juniors with songs, roast potatoes and chestnuts. We spent a very jolly afternoon, brought to a close with two's and three's and "gap." Before the next meeting of Peewits we had several recruits from the juniors. This meeting was held, on a wet Thursday, in St. George's. We were told of the new arrangement of Scale How Peewits—the troop was to be divided into four patrols, two senior and two junior. Each patrol was to be headed by a patrol leader, chosen from us. Now we are divided into these four patrols, and so will take our scouting days in detachments. The patrol leadership lasts for one year, during which time the patrol leader wears an orange tassel.

The Fairfield branch of nine Peewits forms another patrol, and is under the leadership of Peewit I.

On Saturday, February 15th, the senior patrols had an exciting day flag-raiding on Loughrigg. The following Thursday the Fairfield patrol had an equally good day; they tracked up to the top of Loughrigg, there had a fine flag raid, and ended with a fire and potatoes.

February 8th was one of the red-letter days, for on this Saturday evening we were visited by Mr. Purdom, who was formerly Dr. Hough's gardener. He has just returned from a long tour in Western China and Thibet, where he was looking for new flowers and seeds. When, through the kindness of Dr. Hough, he came to us, he brought many of the curios he had secured in the East. These curios occupied us for the first part of the evening; they were set out in the

dining-room, and Mr. Purdom went round explaining the use of the different articles. There were gorgeous robes of priests, wonderful silk embroideries and fine drawn-thread work, done by tiny mites of eight and ten, hand-painted silk, prayer wheels, and many other most interesting treasures. We might have spent the whole evening there had not Dr. Hough called us into the classroom. Here all was arranged for a lantern lecture, and we were soon on an exciting journey through Thibet. Whilst Mr. Purdom described his travel, Dr. Hough threw on to the screen delightful views of country and people. Under such conditions it was an easy matter to forget Ambleside and to wander with Mr. Purdom among the rugged peaks of Thibet searching for specimens. We all were sorry when the last view disappeared and told us that the lecture was ended, but we sent up hearty cheers for Dr. Hough and Mr. Purdom for so delightful an evening.

Another enjoyable Saturday evening was spent at the Poetry Club, which has reassembled. At this, the first meeting of the Club, an interesting paper on "Burns" was read, followed by selections from his works.

At the first drawing-room evening this term the juniors contributed the whole programme. This included a delightful selection of pianoforte solos and songs, interspersed by poetry and reading. It was a most enjoyable evening. The other evenings were: "Canterbury," by Miss Deck; "John Keats," by Miss Brown; followed by a Shakespeare evening, "Julius Cæsar," arranged by Miss Warne, and a musical evening arranged by Miss Gladding.

The College Flower List now numbers 27, and the Bird List 33. The flower list is much fuller than the corresponding date last year, whilst the willow warbler has been seen this year three months earlier than last year.

The Practising School Flower List numbers 12.—Yours sincerely,
THE PRESENT STUDENTS.

Kexborough House,
Near Barnsley, Yorks.

January 24th, 1913.

DEAR EDITOR,

During the holidays I was invited to visit an elementary school near London, and, thinking it might interest you, I am writing to give you a short description of what I saw and heard.

Unfortunately we arrived rather late in the afternoon, but the children did not seem to mind being kept in to show us what they could do. We first visited the babies, all under six, who, having just had a tale told them, were busy building an illustration with their bricks. They were all building the same (a farm and yard), but they were not all building it in the same way. I spoke to several of them, but they would not tell me the tale right off, I had to draw it out with questions. Then they recited to us, and really their pronunciation was splendid considering the homes they live in. Most of their actions were clockwork, but I could see that one or two little mites really saw what they were reciting, and their actions were quite natural.

The next class we visited was singing. The song was about Santa Claus, and again there was a great number of actions. I watched carefully, but there was no joy or imagination in the song. They were all much too worried about getting the actions in. However, they sang in tune and to time, and I suppose actions speak louder than words, for I heard very few distinct ones. The average age in this class was eight years, and we inspected the writing. They have half-sheets of paper given them, they draw a picture on top (the set we saw was a cat on a mat), and underneath they write a sentence: "The cat is on the mat." They do not have books for reading, and are taught phonetically. A large sheet of brown paper is pinned up, and the teacher draws a picture at the top telling about it. Then she prints

short sentences underneath, very much like those we get in the "Happy Reader" or "Reading Box," and the children read them.

Another class had had about the kangaroo for composition, and the "Head," who was showing us round, said that she did not suppose any of the children could write that, or one or two other words, on the sheet, but that did not matter, they would be able to sound them when they saw them. I thought that was rather a pity, for in phonetic spelling it seems necessary to me to grasp the word at once, as so many combinations of letters have the same sound. At least, I feel so in the case of one of my pupils, who can read almost any word, but he cannot spell the simplest. He does not seem to *see* the words at all, he *feels* them, and on very careless days replaces words by his own, which make sense, but which are his composition, not the writer's of the book. If one could just get him to *see* words!

Arithmetic is taught on the A B C Arithmetic method.

As the term had only just commenced, there was very little to see in the way of handicrafts or painting. They do carton, raffia, clay modelling, needlework, crayon drawing, and painting. We saw handicrafts, etc., after the children had gone home. Before they went, however, one class danced for us. It was marvellous! I think they called it "The Flax-weaving Dance." First they gathered the flax. Then it was cleaned and combed and went through all the processes of weaving. I had understood the teacher to say it was "Flax waving," but I soon discovered my mistake and its correct title, the little dancers made it all so plain. Little boys in "hobnails" and the girls in boots, dancing, or rather acting in perfect rhythm, and almost as lightly and gracefully as fairies!

We only saw the juniors' or infants' department. The teachers were all trained and certificated, and were perfectly delightful. I have always imagined, when passing these

schools and hearing the children shouting out their lessons all together, that there must be a great deal of dull driving going on, and so was most agreeably surprised to find much joyous leading and "bringing out" being conducted in almost P.N.E.U. methods. Each class is carefully graduated, and carries on the work begun in the class below it. Of course, it is only right that it should be so, but I have known of schools in which the classes were not at all connected.

It would be most interesting if other students could visit schools and give us a description. My visit was a great pleasure to me, and I am sure others would find it well worth the trouble of getting an invitation from one of the Education Committee or teachers.—Yours sincerely,

ETHEL L. CROWE.

c/o A. W. Merry, Esq.,
c/o Thos. Cook & Sons,
Cairo.

(An Extract from a letter.)

DEAR EDITOR,

. . . We have been in Cairo just a fortnight now, and the sudden transition from Western to Eastern customs has just begun to become less exciting.

I came by sea. We had a perfectly dead calm sea from start to finish. It was a beautiful boat. We stopped at Gibraltar. The Rock looks so magnificent standing up straight and stern out of the sea. I think it is so wonderful that it is simply bristling with guns, and yet with the strongest telescope and right in the harbour you cannot detect one. We went all over the town and to Europa Point, and up into some of the "galleries" where they keep the guns, but they will not allow you into many of them.

The next port we touched was Algiers. Two of my fellow-passengers who have lived all their lives amongst Eastern peoples took another girl and myself all over the Moorish

quarter. It was rather exciting, as they do not love the Europeans there, and the streets are very narrow and consist of nothing but steps, sometimes quite dark owing to the overhanging houses above meeting. The women looked so ghastly all in white with only just their eyes showing, and the men were very picturesque. I was so much amused to see the way the people made pets of lambs, and in many cases they were painted. Some had bright blue heads and yellow tails and pink feet, etc. The new part of the town is very French, of course, and not at all picturesque. From the top of the hill behind the town there is a glorious view of the Bay of Algiers, which is very fine. We had a whole day there, as the ship took in coal.

The next stop was Genoa. The Italian towns all seem to me such an extraordinary mixture of dignity and squalor. The buildings are so magnificent, and the streets wide and handsome, and yet the roads are so filthy and the people all look like stage villains! We had a day there, so we motored to Portafino. There is a most glorious view there; looking down the other side into Santa Margherita, it is a perfect picture.

We reached Alexandria about 2.30 in the afternoon, and from then until dark it was nothing but a series of thrilling excitements. I have always *longed* to see the East in real life, and there, as you go through the Delta, you are suddenly thrown into the middle of Orientalism pure and simple. It is so lovely to see things for the first time. Such things as date palms, with clusters of dates hanging from them, cotton fields, sugar cane plantations, rice fields, not to speak of Arabs in every variety of colour, and white mules and any amount of camels, and buffaloes ploughing, with exactly the same wooden ploughs that were used in the time of Moses. Then we left the irrigated land for a time and came suddenly upon an arm of the desert where there were mud Arab villages, so extraordinary.

Last, but not least, fortune favoured us with a most glorious typical Eastern sunset, with a brilliant afterglow such as is never seen on the North side of the Mediterranean. I thought the sunset in the Bay of Biscay was the most beautiful thing in the world, but it was nothing compared with what we get here. And then the stars! They are simply beyond description.

When we arrived in Cairo of course it was too dark to see anything, but the next morning we were all charmed with the view from our windows. We are on the banks of the Nile, beside the Kasr-el-Nil Bridge, and we look right across, over a palm plantation, to the desert, with the Pyramids of Ghizah standing out against the sky. We went into the desert to see those pyramids. They are most wonderful. To think that it took 100,000 men, working sixteen hours a day, thirty years to build the Pyramid of Cheops! I was really more impressed with the Sphinx than the pyramids, however. For in them the size and symmetry is wonderful, but in the Sphinx there is art as well. Although the face is so colossal, the expression is wonderful to my mind. How the sculptor could have got that intense, anxious gaze out over the desert on such a huge scale is past my comprehension. Of course, it is very much defaced, but the expression remains in spite of that. When one stands and looks out over the desert and thinks that there are some 2,000 miles of endless sand before any sign of cultivation—to speak of—one cannot wonder that the ancient Egyptians thought that beyond the desert was the place of departed spirits.

To-day I was on the other desert, the so-called Arabian desert, which lies between the Nile and the Red Sea. That is quite different for some reason, for while the Lybian and Sahara deserts are sand pure and simple, the Arabian desert is full of stones—limestone and flint. It is not so picturesque, though it is more hilly.

However, it is very interesting to stand on one of the

hills and look across over the beautiful fruitful valley of the Nile to the Sahara, with the Pyramids of Sakarah. How wonderful this system of irrigation is! There is not an acre—hardly a square yard, I should think—that is not regulated by waterways just as the owner wishes. It is extraordinary to think that they manage to raise three or four crops every year on the same ground between the flood times. Egypt, I should think, must be one of the most fruitful places in the world, along by the Nile.

Cairo itself is not particularly interesting. Of course, it is *swarming* with natives. Old Cairo is very picturesque, with the narrow streets and funny little shops and the men carrying skins of water for people to drink. *Why* don't we make all our children carry things on their heads! All the women here have such beautiful figures. The little girls begin at about the age of three to carry soft and light things on their heads, and by the time they are six or seven they can run about and play catch, etc., and never lose the balance of whatever they are carrying on their heads.

I do not like to see all the women in black, as they are here; with their black veils over their faces they look very mournful. The *ladies* of the Harēm, of course, wear white veils, but all the rest wear black. . . .—Yours, etc.

JOCELYN R. WATTERS.

Black Heath,
Saxmundham,
January 10th, 1913.

DEAR EDITOR,

The following is a letter made up entirely of quotations from the letters of the Country Holiday Fund children.—
Yours, etc.,

HARRIET SMEETON.

DEAR FRIENDS,

"I am very pleased with you for getting me away into the country." "It was nice sitting on cushions in the train."

"When we got out of the train the Vicar came with bread and butter; his heart was very kind to us; he was gentle as well." "I was so happy the first day that I fell into a pond." "After having tea we retired to bed for the night, this being our daily course." "We did not go to sleep the first night, it was such a lovely day, the moon was out in full size." "My lady was very kind to us, but she made us do as she said; she was very rich, she trusted me with fifteen shillings to get a postal order; she kept a fish shop." "The North Seat is the highest point in Hastings, and there you can get plenty of oak-apples and health." "Very nice by sea, men mending boats on beach and painting them. Few boats on sea, hard and rough stones mixed with seaweed, many seats on shore." "When it was a nasty day the sea was like a den of lions rushing at each other, but the fine days it was like a lot of little fairies dancing and singing." "The rocks look so nicely arranged, they have such a lot of green on them." "I think we must now leave the sea and visit the country in thought."

"Our lady had a family of ducks; the mother of these ducks holds her head very high." "What is the name of a bird that makes a noise like cutting with a pair of scissors?" "A partridge is an expensive bird and costs a lot of money, and rich gentlemen go to shoot them in the winter." "There was in the farm a large heap of dead leaves; under these leaves was a snark; if it saw anybody it would pour forth smoke and fire." "The corn bowed before the wind, but the pretty scarlet poppies shook their heads." "You can hear the oats tinkle when the wind blows." "One day a little boy fell into a pond and was nearly drowned, but he was a country boy, and used to it." "I saw a dragon-fly, it was like an aeroplane." "On one of the wild rose trees I saw a little tangle of greenish red stuff; what could it be? It was not seed or flowers." "How can ivy kill big trees? I have asked some grown-up people, but they

do not know." "I liked Nurse A. very much; I cannot tell you how much I liked Nurse A.'s dog." "One day I picked a thistle; I pulled the violet petals off, and, to my delight, I saw what was like a shaving brush." "Please could you tell me the name of a little flower that grows in the hedges? It is like a little button. There are about eight or nine of them on a stalk. I should like you to tell me the name of another flower: it is like a bell growing upwards; it is white." "I saw a black bee fly out of the ground. Would you mind telling me why it had its home in the ground?" "The cricket had such a nice voice that I sat down to listen." "That night I went to bed very upset because I had to go home next day." "I am so well pleased with my holiday that I should not mind going next year." "This is where I end my letter."—"I remain, Your fond friend."

THE CHILDREN'S CHARTER.

The Children Act, often called the "Children's Charter," came into force in 1908. That we ought to study this Act it is hardly necessary to say, but I would point out how simple it is for everyone to do her part to see that the children do reap the benefits of it. All knowing of cases where children are subject to any kind of treatment contrary to the provisions of this Act should write at once to the Director of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children, 40, Leicester Square, giving all particulars, and the informer has no more trouble, and her name is never made public.

Further than this, many voluntary workers are needed "to rescue the children, to guide the parents, and to reform the homes." Mr. Herbert Samuel, the framer of the Act, said that his desire was "to strengthen and guide parental authority, only to punish it where evil; where possible to reform and conserve the child's own home, even when